

**Zion's Herald.**  
PUBLISHED BY  
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.  
26 Bromfield Street, BOSTON.  
A. S. WEED, Publisher.  
BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.  
All stationed preachers in the Methodist  
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their  
periodicals.  
After Jan. 1, 1880 price to all ministers \$1.50 per year,  
All other subscribers \$2.50 per year.  
Specimen Copies Free.

VOLUME LIX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1882.

NUMBER 39.

**Zion's Herald.**

FOR ADVERTISERS  
One of the best advertising mediums in  
NEW ENGLAND.

It has probably more than fifty thousand readers.  
For particulars, address  
**ALONZO S. WEED.**  
Publisher,  
26 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

## HOW I WOULD BE LOVED.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

As the sea loves the land,  
The strong, all-embracing sea,—  
For it blesses the fruitful and frozen strand,  
It loves the fringe of the smiling lea,  
And sings to cities and crowded coasts,  
And its voice is the murmur of hosts,  
As it glides  
With mystical tides  
Round the orient slopes, where, in exquisite  
calm,  
Bloom the lily and rose, thrive the pine and the palm;  
And it pours  
Past the desolate shores;  
Lo! it chants by the sullen and bare,  
A psalm resounds through the wintry air!—  
Thus love shall bless the dull wastes in the me,  
As the bleak, fruitless wilds and the frozen  
isles  
Are blessed by the strong deep sea.  
Pekin, N. Y.

## ALMOST.

BY REV. W. T. WORTH.

A young convert arose in the prayer-meeting last evening, and said: "A few days since, the foreman of my room came to me, and said, 'Henry, are you a Christian?' I replied, 'Yes, sir, I am. At least, I am trying to be. I look to the Lord for strength and grace!' And then I could think of nothing better to say, so I thought I would ask him a question; so I said, 'Mr. Smith, are you a Christian?' He replied, 'I go to church!' Then I didn't know what to say. But a few days before this conversation, a boy about twelve years old came into the shop, and asked for work. When the foreman told him he had none for him, he told a pitiful story of the sickness of his father and mother. The foreman then asked him if he had ever worked in a jeweler's shop; and he replied, 'No, sir; but I have worked next door to one!' So, when I could not think what to say to my foreman, this came into my mind, and I said, 'Mr. Smith, do you remember the little boy who came in here the other day, and said he once worked next door to a jeweler's shop?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think that working next to a jeweler's shop made him a jeweler?' 'No.' 'Do you think that going to church makes you a Christian?'

Who does not see that the answer of this divinely-taught young convert raze to the earth all the refuges of our dear friends away from the Saviour, who have become accustomed to substituting fallacies for reasons, and good deeds of their own for faith in Christ's blood and New Testament obedience? Many who are deferential and reverential in the presence of the Gospel proclamations, say that while such a way as it prescribes is doubtless proper for most people, they must be allowed to present, as the ground of their hopes, their uniform kindness to Christian ministers, their constant readiness to aid in their support, their presence and devout behavior in church service, their compassionate and self-sacrificing ministrations to the unfortunate, their honorable business dealing, and their high regard, generally, for the rights of men. These are grand things. The true Christianity is very far from discarding them; it insists upon them. But with equal vigor it protests against their substitution for the "faith which works by love." This is evidently working "next door to a jeweler's shop."

Or, men may go farther and agree with Rev. Mr. Wendte, the new pastor of the new Channing Church in Newport. Last Sunday, in a discourse in which he gave his reasons for refusing to unite with all the Protestant clergymen in request for the closing of the fashionable Casino on the Sabbath, he eulogized that class of Sunday amusements; and then, turning to the sanitary condition of the city, he said: "Let us preach a gospel of salvation through sewers, and that clean cesspools are a primary requisite in the formation of a Christian character." If this is so, cities favored with most perfect sewage ought to be models of Christian character! Are they? All of this is verily twaddle, as any one must know. For a block of grand residences may connect with the most approved modern appliances in the way of sewers and cesspools, and behind the swell fronts and plate-glass there is necessarily no more Christian character than you can find in the Koran. This is more than one door from the jeweler's shop.

Or they may go farther still, with Whipple, the essayist, in his rosy-hued and extra-laudatory eulogy of Ralph Waldo Emerson in *Harper's Magazine* for September, in which he says (p. 587): "In this [his perfect reticence in regard to his communion with God] he differed from most men of profound religious genius, who are sometimes garrulous on those points where he was inexorably mute. He never exclaimed, as other pious souls have exclaimed, 'See what the Lord has done for me!' His reticence was the modesty of spiritual manliness. How awful must have been, at times, his sense of spiritual loneliness, his lips austere shut even when the closest, dearest, and most trusted companions of his soul delicately hinted their wish that he would speak; but he died, and made no sign." On page 577 he says: "Emerson was not, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness, but a voice which seemed to utter eternal decrees, coming from the serene communion of the speaker with the very Source of moral law." What a pity that when such a man, with such a voice, came to life's summit, he had no word like an "eternal decree" for his "hinting" disciples! "Garrulous" Paul said much about what the Lord had done for him. He wrote, within the damp walls of a Roman dungeon, in the almost unpierceable gloom, such brave words of hearty cheer as have been copied by dying men for eighteen hundred years. The Master himself, when under the shadow of His own cross, and again on the slopes of Olivet, thought it not out of place to be sufficiently "garrulous" to say those things which have been beacon-lights to His church, tossing and straining on the surges through all this long time since He went away.

Moreover, Mr. Emerson spoke

when he had something to say. Sometimes if he had been "inexorably mute," it would have been better, as often for commoner men. I quote from Whipple (p. 585): "He showed always a comical disgust of sick people." Now I quote Emerson (p. 586): "I once asked a clergyman in a country town who were his companions? what men of ability he saw? He replied that he spent his time with the sick and dying. I said he seemed to me to need quite other company, and all the more that he had this; for if people were sick and dying to any purpose, we would leave all and go to them, but, as far as I had observed, they were as frivolous as the rest, and sometimes much more frivolous." Mr. Whipple says: "Every one who has observed, must acknowledge the half-truth in this apparently harsh statement." It is a really harsh statement; and off against it I want to put a sentence, so breezy and fragrant it seems to have been spoken in the dusty thoroughfare of the cities: "Go, tell John those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

Standing afar and philosophizing on a man's miseries and duties, is quite different from struggling among them; working "next door to a jeweler's shop" is quite a different thing from understanding the business; and going to church is, at the best, only almost saved.

Dear reader, do you work next door to a jeweler's shop?

Providence, R. I., Sept. 11, 1882.

## IN THE CAMP.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

I owe an apology to you, O readers mine, for this prolonged delay in our excursion trip to the Maine lakes and woods. I left you on the steamboat landing in Bangor, without the slightest direction as to your future, and there you have been sitting on your baggage all these days and nights waiting for your conductor. Well, this is a tour of camping out, and I hope you have enjoyed the luxury. Variety is the charm of life, and you have had the opportunity of fully proving the truth of the maxim.

Let me explain my seeming neglect in a word. I heard a cry of distress

from Castine—one of my old-time charges—"Come over and help us!" And though last year I went down and did what I could for the good Brother Winslow, who was repairing the church (slip a dollar or more into an envelope, O reader, and direct to Rev. G. G. Winslow, Castine, Me.), yet the image of his pale face and skeleton frame so worked upon my somewhat taxed sensibilities, as he appeared to me in my dreams, that I took the next train for Boston, thrust a kind of poem and some sermon skeletons into my bag, with a collar and tooth-brush, a box of Brown's troches and a bottle of Jamaica ginger, and rushed for the Bangor boat, the genial president, W. H. Hill, giving me a free pass to Rockland. Then the steamer "Weston" took me up, with a pass from the agent, Capt. Coyle, and at 9 o'clock I stepped upon the wharf among a crowd of summer visitors, who come down morning and evening to witness the arrival and departure of the steamer. There was Winslow, not the pale ghost whose fleshless bones rattled with every step, as he had appeared to me in my dreams—but he had simulated that for effect—but with a face rosy and rubicund, "round as my father's shield," glowing like the full moon, portly and robust, tipping the scale at two hundred pounds avoirdupois. Well, thought I, a plague upon sighing and grief; it pulls a man up like a bladder!

"Where will you go? My carriage is here—go to my house; or Mr. So-and-so wishes to entertain you; or here are Capt. Duff and his wife, summer visitors, whose wife has insisted on your being their guest." Yes, Mrs. D. had written to me. I will go with them. And so I was domiciled with them, and a right pleasant home I found in the house of Mrs. Dyer. That evening I read an hour and twenty-five minutes to a good audience, and the next day, Sunday, I preached to a fine congregation. "Last year," said Brother Winslow, "they complained that you were too short." Well, I made it up, and the complaints, if any, were on the other side.

On Monday I was obliged to hasten back to Boston. I took the boat at 4 p. m., met the Bangor boat at Rockland at 6, and waited until 9. "Shall be in my house to breakfast to-morrow morning by 9 o'clock," I said to myself, as I turned into my berth. "Yes, there she goes!" as the signal gong to start echoed through the boat. Tired out, I soon lost myself in sleep. I awoke, as usual, many times during the night, and wondered at the smoothness of the Atlantic—never knew it so quiet in all the trips I had made over this route. Daylight streamed through the blind of my state-room. "Ha!" said I, "we are running up Boston harbor." I looked at my watch. Six o'clock, said the sleepless point-ers. "She is due at her dock soon," said I, as I jumped into my clothes. I was saved the time spent in the usual ablutions, as no water was in the ewer. Never mind—wash up at home; I shall catch the 7.30 train, and surprise them at the breakfast table. All ready for shore, I slid back the blind and looked out. Mother of Moses! There lay Rockland on the port bow, and here lay the steamer with both anchors in the mud, and the wind from the northeast blowing great guns. Disgust—that doesn't express it. At 9 a. m. they got their anchors, and taking the inside route, running in sight of Portland, at 9.30 o'clock a. m. we were in dock in Boston, and at 10.30 at night I roused the sleepers in my own house.

Moral: Take no ship in September when you can reach your point by land! Pick up your traps now, O ye excursionists! I will be with you in a few moments. I have only to run down to New Bedford to supply a Sabbath with my old charge, County Street. Yes, I went, and last Sabbath preached twice to most inspiring congregations. How like the old times, twenty-three years since! Ah me! How many familiar faces are absent now forever! And do you wonder, O reader, when I say that I was almost unmanned when, as I rose to commence the service, my eye instinctively dropped to the minister's pew where that blessed face sent up its encouraging smile to me so often? Alas! to be seen nevermore.

Let me explain my seeming neglect in a word. I heard a cry of distress

from the train from the Maine Central station. All aboard, and we are off for the woods. Oldtown is reached, and we switch off upon the Piscataqua railroad. I am alone, for I started two days in advance of my companions, who were detained by some engagement of Mr. Frank Jones' hotel at New Castle. Eleven o'clock, and we haul up at Blanchard, the end of the road in the primeval forest. A good dinner is procured for fifty cents. Up come the stages, with Jerry handling the ribbons. Baggage is piled on, the female passengers clamber to the top (in these days the fair sex are rising), and we are off for a twelve-mile ride to Moosehead. Ruts and mud—no drouth here such as we left behind us! Half past two, and we roll up to the old Lake House, and Uncle Ivory gives me a warm greeting.

And now, with a good room, newly-furnished, "shall I not take mine in mind?" Blessings upon the man who first invented inns!

There is no place, outside our own home, so perfectly restful as a good hotel. One is independent, retiring and rising at your "own sweet will," with no obligation to entertain any one—talk, or be whist. For two days, until the arrival of the "boys," I luxuriated in a perfect repose, so much needed.

Thursday afternoon brought the remainder of the party. Friday morning Mr. Gerrish, pre-engaged, drove up to the piazza with a span of bays and a roomy wagon. Baggage is stowed, and we are off for "Wilson's ponds," three miles. Reaching Mr. G.'s house, we foot it down through the woods a mile or less to the shore, while the team drags the baggage over a rough road. Into the houses and stay at Island Pond (where baggage is examined) from 8 till 10.30 a. m., for no earthly reason except it may be in the hope that travelers may get up an appetite for another supper, and thus assist in supporting an overgrown hotel located at this place. They succeeded in my case, for I decided to leave the dirty cars and stay all night. And here let me say, that the only way a journey from Boston to Montreal by the Grand Trunk railroad can be made any way endurable, is to break it by stopping over at Island Pond.

The rest of my trip was very enjoyable, taken, as it was, after a good night's sleep and in the light of a glorious day. The border country of Canada is very level along this road, as it is on every route from the States, and yet in the morning sun it seemed to me unusually varied and interesting. The sun was shining at this place. They succeeded in my case, for I decided to leave the dirty cars and stay all night. And here let me say, that the only way a journey from Boston to Montreal by the Grand Trunk railroad can be made any way endurable, is to break it by stopping over at Island Pond.

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Letter from ST. LEON SPRINGS, CANADA.

"Study to be quiet," saith the Scripture. Here and now the lesson may be well learned. I have just arrived, and I never so appreciated stillness as this beautiful September day in this beautiful spot. Having spent so much of my vacation in Boston, I seem to be peculiarly prepared to enjoy the complete change in sight and sound and sense.

I want to warn your readers

against the train to New Castle I cannot say too much. Bostonians know all about the "Weatworth," and need not be told that a stay there is always a delight. I will only say that, to my mind, there is no more perfect summer resort in our broad country than Mr. Frank Jones' hotel at New Castle.

But after that there came to me, by way of experience in journeying, nothing but disgust, fatigue and discomfort—no possibility of checking baggage from Portsmouth farther than Portland—a confusion most confusing at the latter place in transferring to the Grand Trunk train; and a rate of running, after we started from Portland, which would be of no credit to the slowest snail that crawls! And then the stops! They give at hour for supper at Gorham, and stay at Island Pond (where baggage is examined) from 8 till 10.30 a. m., for no earthly reason except it may be in the hope that travelers may get up an appetite for another supper, and thus assist in supporting an overgrown hotel located at this place. They succeeded in my case, for I decided to leave the dirty cars and stay all night. And here let me say, that the only way a journey from Boston to Montreal by the Grand Trunk railroad can be made any way endurable, is to break it by stopping over at Island Pond.

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ing. To me there is no more delightful season for life in these Canadian forests than the early autumn. As Shakespeare says: "The year growing ancient, not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth of trembling winter." Every look from your camp, every step in your walk, at this time of the year, suggests the melancholy border-land between genial warmth and withering cold. The suggestion of melancholy just made is not of necessity at war with the idea of pleasure in the woods. Alison asks, "Who is there who, at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy?" And yet who is there who cannot from such sentiments derive the most substantial satisfaction, the most abiding pleasure? Wordsworth says: "Wild is the music of autumnal winds amongst the faded woods." And yet it is the very best of music, the strain of whose wild harmony most powerfully doth move both heart and soul. Bryant adds: "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." And yet the author of "Thanatopsis" loved these "melancholy" days and drew his most joyous lessons from the scenes and hours of the dying year.

The spell of autumn came upon me in the woods last week, and I was quite inclined to linger there and

## Miscellaneous.

## EVER THE SAME.

BY REV. W. M. STERLING.

Change characterizes man and all his surroundings. The most of the sorrow, suffering and tears of this world are the result of this change. Rich to-day, men and women make their plans for to-morrow, but before the next day's setting sun, poverty like an armed man has overtaken them and despoiled them of that which was their delight. Anticipations of pleasure for the future cause the heart to flutter with joy, but sickness or death, or both, dash into the prepared cup the bitterness of gall, and we shudder as we press it to our lips.

As a beautiful vase thrown upon the rocks is broken into a thousand pieces, so change as a tyrant dashes our hopes and prospects for the future to the ground, and our only consolation is weeping amid the fragments. Concerning this world there is nothing abiding, but of Him on whom is our whole dependence for all that is really worth having in this world or any other, it is said, He is unchangeable — "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." "In the Father of lights there is no variability, neither shadow of turning." The sun has its spots, but the "Sun of Righteousness" hath not a shadow. He was the Divine One, and never shall be robbed of His divinity. He had power over devils, casting them out, and to-day He is stronger than the "strong man armed." He conquered death, rose alive from the tomb leading captivity captive. He is the conqueror of man's last enemy now. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It was Christ's blood to be shed that made the blood on Jewish altars of any account whatever. By His blood the patriarchs and prophets were saved; through the same blood the Christian triumphs to-day, and this blood "shall never lose its power" so long as there is a soul that needs a sin removed. He prayed for us (yesterday, in the days of His flesh), and then went up on high and sat down at the right hand of the Father; and Paul tells us, "He even liveth to make intercession for us."

What comfort the unchangeableness of Christ brings to the Christian! Many a wayward youth in repentant moments has found comfort in the belief that "mother loves me yet." A mother may forget her child; but Jesus is ever the same.

Reverses in business come, and sickness, and trials, and temptation, and we begin to feel, and finally to think, that Jesus does not love us. Look yonder! A little hill, and on that hill a cross, and on that cross a man around whose head is a halo of light in the midst of the surrounding gloom. Who is that? The Son of God. He left the glories of heaven and became a man on earth. He knew He would be poor, suffering at times hunger and weariness; that men would hate Him and hunt Him for His life, strike Him with their fists, spit on Him, taunt Him, and finally kill Him; and there He hangs in awful agony, though He might have depopulated the globe by lifting a finger. Why does He? To save men from their sins. What put it into His soul to do that for us? Simply love — nothing but love. He did love us on the cross, we are sure of that; and we are sure He loves us now, for we read: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever!" When for any cause we are tempted to think that Christ does not love us, let us remember Calvary and Hebrews 13:8.

Parents came to Christ for their children, men and women came for themselves. The children were brought, and in all Jesus was interested, and He helped and blessed all. Ever the same! Then, parents, come! Children, come! Men and women, old and young, learned and unlearned, black and white, saint and sinner, let everybody come to Him. Bring your wounded hearts to Him; tell your anguish, "for earth has no sorrow that Jesus cannot cure." The disciples were sometimes baffled, but Jesus never, and He is the same evermore!

Come to Him with your little troubles; He will not be moody or uninterested. When your soul is pressed by a great burden, come to Him. He will not be unsympathetic. To the blind man He said, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" So to you will He tenderly turn and inquire, "Child, what shall I do for you?" Be not anxious; fear not; trust firmly; for "Jesus Christ is

the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

"Yet unchanged, while all decayeth, Jesus stands upon the dust; 'Lean on Me alone,' He saith, 'Hope and love, and firmly trust.' 'Oh, abide, abide with Jesus, Who Himself forever lives, Who from death eternal frees us, Yea, who life eternal gives!'"

Minneapolis, Minn.

## WHAT ARE THE STANDARDS OF DOCTRINE IN THE M. E. CHURCH?

BY REV. LEON C. FIELD.

[Concluded.]

I do not know of any further authorities that could be included in the first class, and pass now to the consideration of

II. What are "the present (in 1882) existing and established standards of doctrine?" What, in addition to those already mentioned and not contrary to them, have been adopted? In this, as in the other case, we find great indefiniteness and much variety and uncertainty of opinion. We have already quoted the statement of Bishop Baker, which enumerates Watson's "Theological Institutes" among the standards that common usage has sanctioned. This great work has certainly been of high authority in the M. E. Church during the last half century, and has done much toward moulding theological thought, not only in our own, but in other denominations. And yet the work is defective in many important particulars, especially in its philosophical standpoint, in its scientific teachings, and in its treatment of the department of Christian evidences. In these essential matters it is antiquated and often erroneous. So that it has already been largely superseded by other and later works, such as Pope's. It was never officially adopted as a standard of doctrine in the *consensus* of the church, but it was requested for Mr. Kirkland, who with his devoted wife is laboring in Brooklyn among the neglected masses to lead them to Christ. While preaching the Gospel in the streets, under a permit from the mayor of the city, he was assaulted, and buckets of water thrown upon him; he has been slandered in the papers, and justice has been denied him in the courts. Still he holds on, and pushes the battle to the gate. His tent, in which he holds service a part of the time, is crowded with those who are gathered from the highways and hedges, and many are taken from a "horrible pit" indeed. In his tent a man came forward among the seekers, recently, who had been a beer-drinker. It was found, after a day or two, that he seemed to think he could become a Christian and continue his beer-drinking; but the faithful missionary told him that he might seek till the day of doom, in vain, unless he abandoned his drink. Under this plain instruction he was led to deny himself, and take up his cross, and soon entered into rest. No man can long in this work without seeing that the gospel plough must go deep. The sword of the Spirit must divide the joints and marrow.

As it was only my privilege to be present during one week, your readers will not expect me to describe minutely the whole programme. This would not only be too prolix, but would be impossible, for there were so many things going on at the same time that it was not easy to select what might be most desirable. The Children's Temple was open every day at 8 o'clock a. m. Here Rev. B. T. Vincent, brother to Dr. Vincent, was always on hand. Precisely at the minute he would commence, and the service which he held was instructive and edifying. Never did we see a congregation of children more enraptured. Professor Frank Beard was also on hand, and with his grand cartoons and chalk-talks gave some instructive moral lessons. They were fine specimens of object-teaching.

The Pavilion was another place of interest. Here Rev. J. L. Hurbut (we might almost call him Dr. Vincent's right-hand man) was present every day giving normal class-lectures on the Bible and on teaching. Your correspondent formed his acquaintance some years ago at Thousand Island Park, and was glad to find that, if possible, his enthusiasm for Sunday-schools had increased.

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guarantee its spiritual life; but rather that its spiritual life can best guarantee its orthodoxy" — an opinion which is forever true.

## LETTER FROM CANADA.

Mrs. EDITOR: Your correspondent made a brief sojourn at Chautauqua this summer, and ventures to give you his opinion of that truly marvelous place. Of course I am aware that another correspondent has already given your readers an account of the proceedings for the year 1882; consequently the present communication may appear a good deal like a piece of supererogation, which does not belong to Protestantism.

And this concludes, so far as I am informed, the list of all possible works which could lay claim to any such rank. There is, however, one other theory upon this subject which merits a moment's notice. It is the theory of a *consensus fidei*, or, in other words, of a well-ascertained and generally-accepted body of doctrine, not formulated, but in the common possession of the church. Dr. Curry is the leading advocate of this view, which he has advanced and sustained in several recent publications (*National Repository*, Dec., 1878, p. 573; Apr., 1879, p. 357; *the Independent*, Nov. 3, 1881). According to him, "the church is at all times competent to determine what is its own doctrinal status, having due respect, of course, to what has been all along held and believed, yet not so slavishly that there shall not be proper personal freedom of thought within just and reasonable limitation" (*Independent*, Nov. 3, 1881). Furthermore, in his opinion, any doctrine clearly within the *consensus* of the church is protected by the common law of the church without special legal enactment" (*National Repository*, Dec., '78, p. 575). Considerable can be said in favor of this theory, as Dr. Curry has ably demonstrated, but on the whole it does not carry conviction. It makes everything indefinite and uncertain. The words and phrases of written creeds may be liable to misconstruction, but nothing can be more ambiguous or nebulous than what is called *consensus*, or general opinion.

The situation will always command for Chautauqua a good degree of popularity. The lake itself is a beautiful inland sea, which does not seem to be capable of a ripple. It is highly elevated far above Lake Erie, so that it is salubrious and health-invigorating. The sanitary arrangements of the place are such that there is no possibility of any accumulation of filth being allowed to endanger the health of the community. The avenues are well laid out, on each side of which are beautiful shade-trees, through which a fine current of air is always passing. Good accommodation can be secured on reasonable terms, and for such desire more luxurious place, there is a first-class hotel, respecting which guests speak in terms of great commendation.

The provision made for the mental pabulum surpasses everything of the kind it has been the writer's privilege to see. The *consensus* of the M. E. Church to-day on the doctrines of inspiration, Christian perfection and the resurrection, for example, would, if widely taken, be found to be anything but unanimous. And conflicting opinions and widening divergences of thought are surely, if slowly, developing within the denomination. This theory of *consensus* puts everything into a state of flux. If it were generally accepted, no one would know what to expect. Doctrines deemed vital to-day might be discarded to-morrow; what were orthodox one year, might be heresy the next. So this theory is peculiarly liable to abuse. If it were received, "a minister accused of heresy could not anticipate the law under which he was to be tried, but would hear it for the first time from his judges. In such a case one would go to judgment and not to trial." What we want, as it seems to me, is not an unwritten constitution, indefinite, variable, liable to be capriciously, but a few specific statutes, to which we may give our assent, by which we may direct our course, and under which we may claim our rights, and if needs be go to trial. In this way, as I understand it, we shall have a larger freedom, a freedom under law; and a surer protection, protection by the law. I agree, therefore, heartily with what Rev. Charles Kingsley wrote to Rev. F. D. Maurice in 1865, on the subject of subscription to the Articles of the Church of England: "As long as the Articles stand, and as long as they are interpreted by *lawyers only*, who will ask sternly, 'Is it in the bond?' and nothing else, I see hope for freedom and safety. If subscription was done away, every man would either teach what was right in his own eyes — which would be somewhat confusing — or he would have to be controlled by a body, not of written words, but of thinking men. From whom may my Lord deliver me! For as soon as any body of men, however venerable, have the power given them to dictate to me what I shall think and preach, I shall answer, my compact with the Church of England is over; I swore to the Articles, and not to you" ("Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley," p. 359).

I have left myself space to add but a word by way of recapitulation and conclusion: —

1. The only absolutely authoritative standards of doctrine in the M. E. Church are the twenty-five Articles of Religion, and the Ritual in the shape in which it stood in 1808.

2. Of lower rank, and yet of high and recognized authority, are the "Doctrinal Tracts," the "Sermons," and the "Notes on the New Testament" of Mr. Wesley.

3. The Hymnal and the Catechism are officially-sanctioned standards in so far as they contain nothing contrary to the doctrines taught in the authorities specified above.

4. Beyond this there are no standards of doctrine explicitly defined, legally authorized, and officially adopted by the church.

5. The theory that the doctrinal status of the church is determined by a *consensus fidei*, is not well sustained.

6. The second is the Catechism. Until 1848 the Wesleyan Methodist Catechism, prepared by Rev. Richard Watson, was used in the M. E. Church. The General Conference of that year ordered the preparation of a church catechism, and one which had been prepared by the Rev. Dr. Kidder (then Sunday-school editor), assisted by other divines, was approved and adopted by the General Conference of 1852. I have used the singular term, Catechism, though there are a series of three, which really constitute one in three stages of development.

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was admirable. No profane language, no act of incivility, did we ever see or hear while there. Everybody seemed desirous to make everybody else happy.

Should your correspondent be spared, he intends to go to Chautauqua again; and to such of your readers who may not have been there, we say, by all means go and see it before you die.

ONTARIO.

## VACATION JOTTINGS.

BY REV. F. A. CRAFTS.

## FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

For twenty-five years "devout men" and godly women have here every day touched the Healer's hand, and from that hand salvation has gone forth. What an answer is the history of that prayer-meeting to those who ask that there shall be a prayer test! The very atmosphere seemed holy, as I entered the place made sacred by so many visions of the Son of Man, and where so many had been anointed with power.

The meeting was led by a son of the editor of ZION'S HERALD, who finds time, notwithstanding his pressing cares, to join with many other business men, to commune with God here, and seek to help those who are found here daily, burdened with sin or oppressed with sorrow.

Among the requests made, was one in behalf of a family of fifteen persons, not one of whom is a Christian. Another was for a young man who alone remains a stranger to God, in a family of six persons. Young men and old were there, and humble and earnest prayer was offered, and wise counsel given to the seeking soul. All God's people are welcome here, without distinction as to creed, and this is the evangelical alliance in successful operation. Prayer was requested for Mr. Kirkland, who with his devoted wife is laboring in Brooklyn among the neglected masses to lead them to Christ. While preaching the Gospel in the streets, under a permit from the mayor of the city, he was assaulted, and buckets of water thrown upon him; he has been slandered in the papers, and justice has been denied him in the courts. Still he holds on, and pushes the battle to the gate. His tent, in which he holds service a part of the time, is crowded with those who are gathered from the highways and hedges, and many are taken from a "horrible pit" indeed. In his tent a man came forward among the seekers, recently, who had been a beer-drinker. It was found, after a day or two, that he seemed to think he could become a Christian and continue his beer-drinking; but the faithful missionary told him that he might seek till the day of doom, in vain, unless he abandoned his drink. Under this plain instruction he was led to deny himself, and take up his cross, and soon entered into rest. No man can long in this work without seeing that the gospel plough must go deep. The sword of the Spirit must divide the joints and marrow.

As it was only my privilege to be present during one week, your readers will not expect me to describe minutely the whole programme. This would not only be too prolix, but would be impossible, for there were so many things going on at the same time that it was not easy to select what might be most desirable. The Children's Temple was open every day at 8 o'clock a. m. Here Rev. B. T. Vincent, brother to Dr. Vincent, was always on hand. Precisely at the minute he would commence, and the service which he held was instructive and edifying. Never did we see a congregation of children more enraptured. Professor Frank Beard was also on hand, and with his grand cartoons and chalk-talks gave some instructive moral lessons. They were fine specimens of object-teaching.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

## ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27, 1882.

The man who when praying against his besetting sin secretly desires, as St. Austin confessed he did, that God would not hear his petition, is neither sincere nor hearty, but hypocritical in his prayer. As Jeremy Taylor remarks, "To pray against a sin is to have desires contrary to it, and that cannot consist with any love or kindness to it. We pray against it and yet do it; and then pray again and do it again; and we desire it, and yet pray against our desires." Alas! what a self-contradictory thing is the human heart!

Some preaching amounts to nothing, unless it be to tickle the ear and please the fancy. It has no aim or directness and you wonder what the speaker is trying to do — what can be the object of his discourse. There is nothing in it to strengthen and build up believers, or to awaken the sinner. Pointless and aimless, it is labor worse than thrown away. Abstract theorizing is not what the people want in the pulpit, and there is now a general desire for preaching that means something, that awakens and stirs the people to seek after God. Indeed, there is a longing for the old-time trumpet blasts, when saints shall rejoice and sinners cry for mercy. May such results be experienced largely under the Word preached!

Next to the joy felt among the angels in heaven over a sinner that repents, is perhaps that which thrills the heart of a Christian parent when one of his children turns from sin and begins a pious life. An affecting instance of this was revealed at one of our recent camp-meetings. A young man, the son of one of our deceased bishops, was preaching an effective sermon from the stand on the theme of repentance. In the course of his remarks he said that when, at the camp-meeting, he had made up his mind to give his heart and life to the Saviour, he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, and on it wrote as follows: "Dear Father, I have decided to become a Christian." This he signed, and forwarded to his father at some distant point where he then was. "Often before his death," said he, "did my father speak of the great joy which that slip of paper gave him; and only a little while previous to his departure from earth I saw in his wallet that same slip, which, for some years, he had carried about his person." Truly, the pious parent can desire nothing for his children so much as this, and the thought of the joy it will give him may well be an inducement to the child to make the great decision that he, too, will become a Christian.

That was a well-pointed thrust made by Attorney-General Brewster at the noted and boastful infidel, Mr. Robert Ingersoll, in the Star Route trial which has just closed at Washington. In his plea for his clients, the defendants in the case, Mr. Ingersoll drew a pathetic and moving picture of the woman at the foot of the cross, and by means of it stirred not a little the sympathies of the jury and the spectators of the court. In the very able address with which the Attorney-General flushed his part of the case, he made but one allusion to Ingersoll's religious beliefs, and that was in referring to what he had said of the cross and its attendant scenes. Mr. Brewster declared that "a man must believe in the illustrations he makes; and what," said he, "has Col. Ingersoll to do with the crucifixion?" The question is certainly a pertinent one, and in the light of candor and honesty, or in that of good taste, we would be glad to know what Mr. Ingersoll and his followers have to say in reply.

What right has he at one time to declare his utter disbelief in the Bible and its teachings, to make them the subject of profane wit and blasphemous ridicule, and at another to call in their aid to stir the most sacred feelings of the soul, and secure what he claims to be the ends of justice and humanity? Mr. Ingersoll claims to be a gentleman, a man of honor, and to be candid in his convictions and his utterances; but we submit whether, in the above case, he did not give the lie to all such professions. A man of honorable feeling, a sincere man, does not appear in two characters utterly diverse; he does not at one time endorse what he at another denies. Mr. Ingersoll furnishes another illustration of the old truth, that infidel-

ity is not, cannot, be thoroughly honest.

It walks with its back to the light, and knows it does so. This man may be blind, but if so we are confident that he is willingly blind; and if the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch.

## NOT MODES, BUT A BAPTISM.

We see that our Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting places on its annual agenda the question of the possible influence of certain departures from the manners and measures of former days upon the efficiency of the church as an evangelizing power, to hammer over it in successive sessions. We fear it will simply stand around the grave of departed dust from which the spirit has forever fled. There are but few modes that distinctly characterize Methodism. It did not commence as a body, but as a soul. It sought to inform and inspire existing church institutions, and only clothed itself with another organization because, like the Master at His birth, there was no room for it in the inn. It was not even a creed, but a life, and gradually experienced out its interpretation of the Scriptural doctrines of grace. Its preaching, at first, was only distinguished by its earnestness. There was little eccentricity about it. Some of its preachers were the profoundest classical scholars and most cultivated rhetoricians of the day. The lay preachers, untrained in schools, called out by Mr. Wesley, were marvels — many of them — of intellectual power, but all of them were eminently clear in their personal experience of the redeeming grace of the Gospel. There was nothing, in the very first classes of Wesleyan ministers, of the singular appeals to the ignorant and vicious by anomalous methods as in the instance of the modern "Salvation Army." There were no regulated explosive shouts or dramatic halleujahs; no sound of trumpet or drum; no uniform, save the plainest of dress; no army drill, except that of the great militant host of God in secret and public prayer and earnest endeavor to conquer souls for Christ. There were riots, indeed, but not because conspicuous and strangely attired processions passed along the streets. Their meetings were quiet, save when souls, pricked to the heart, cried aloud for mercy, and always orderly, unless broken up by a wicked crowd.

The most marked features of Methodism, not entirely original indeed, were its preaching without manuscript, its peculiar experimental cast, its class-meeting, and its love-feast. Its organization into a separate denomination came as a necessity in order to shelter and nurture its converts and to conserve its work. Its great reliance was not so much, even, upon the admirable and reasonable exposition of the evangelical system, as upon the personal testimony to, and illustration of, the power of divine grace on the part of believers, and the promised presence and benediction of the Comforter. It was the conscious experience of the peace of the new birth, of the testimony of the Holy Ghost, of the baptism of gracious power, that gave the point and convicting force to the declarations of these evangelists.

In our country, especially in New England, doctrinal discussions were inevitable. The whole community was arranged under some form of religious opinion. Calvinism stood on one side, and Universalism on the other. Unitarianism was never aggressive, and was so well satisfied in its primal moral condition as to feel little conviction of the need of a second spiritual birth. But every preacher, and every Methodist disciple, were at once put upon their defense against a limited or an unconditional salvation. Still, it was not so much the strength of the argument, although there were intellectual giants in those days, as the living personal experience, that gave the remarkable success to the denominational movement. The prayer-meeting was usually a love-feast rather than a forum for exhortation. The sword of the Spirit was unsheathed by the simple, direct, persuasive testimonies to the present enjoyment of the fruit of the Gospel of Christ.

The preaching was no more earnest, no clearer, not often so intellectual, nor even more Scriptural, than the average Methodist preaching of this day. Its novelty, a half century ago, the freedom of its social services, the actual enjoyment of the divine evidence of pardon in its disciples, the direct appeal to the unconverted, and the urging of immediate action to secure salvation, drew the people to our churches. These modes are no longer novelties. Our Orthodox Congregational brethren have largely accepted them; their pulpits and their prayer-meetings have come to take on many of the characteristics and much of the

flavor in prayer, address and song, of the Methodist service. There is now little that is novel in modes to awaken curiosity, and thus draw a crowd to our churches, and outwardly little that is special in the form of presenting truth to make them the resort of penitent souls seeking a Saviour, or earnest believers desiring to enjoy all the fruition of the Gospel of Christ. We ought to be grateful for this remarkable doctrinal and practical change in the preaching and modes of the sister churches whose pulpits and pews were bitterly antagonistic to the doctrines and presence of our early itinerants throughout New England.

But with all the advances in education, the changes in public sentiment, the softening of the social and ecclesiastical opposition to the Methodist Church, men remain in their moral condition unchanged. They have the same perils and spiritual necessities. There is only one Gospel, and there is no salvation outside of its broad and blessed limits. The wholesome moral atmosphere of many portions of our happy New England develops generous and noble characters and secures domestic and social restraints; but men are not in this way reconciled to God, or rendered meet for heaven.

There can be no inward peace or spiritual life except through a personal relation with Christ. There is only one way to persuade men to secure this, and that is by preaching the simple Gospel as it is in Jesus. There is no measure, or mode, or special plan, that can effect this but the one divinely-constituted means. If this fails, there is no other resource. The great question is not to discover some new measure, or as to the expediency of recurring to some old device, but how to render this one Great Scriptural office effectual. The apostles could not use it efficiently until after the baptism of Pentecost. It was the descent of the Spirit that gave such astonishing force to the simplest declaration of the truth. It is this that is needed at the present hour. It cannot be that any modern or ancient measures are indispensable to secure this. "This kind" cometh only by such prayer as preceded the baptism in Jerusalem. This was the famous "Christmas Conference." After considering the subject for ten days, the Conference, in substance, adopted the proposals, and proceeded to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury were, at the instance of Mr. Wesley, made superintendents. The "Large Minutes," containing a series of admirable rules prepared from time to time by Mr. Wesley for the government of his societies in Europe, were, with a few modifications, adopted as the Discipline of the new church.

In this famous Conference, where the whole polity of the organization was reconstructed, the subject of education was not forgotten. The one to revive it was Francis Asbury, whose practical eye surveyed the whole field and clearly discerned the most imperative needs of the cause. "At the first interview of Coke with Asbury, at Barrett's Chapel," the latter submitted the proposition of Dickins above noticed, for the establishment of an academic institution, to the Doctor, "who zealously approved it and procured from the Christmas Conference a vote that it should be immediately attempted as a collegiate establishment." A site was selected for the institution, at Abingdon, Md., twenty-five miles northeast of Baltimore, and a subscription was opened at the Conference which very soon reached the sum of five thousand dollars. The readiness and zeal with which the enterprise was taken up by our people show that, so far from being averse to education, they were in hearty sympathy with the movement. The Doctor had only waited for the opportune moment and for some one to take the lead. The new wine, after its effervescence, would store away in the old bottles. The founder himself did not at first realize that a religious movement, in order to attain its full scope and power, must allow a fair field and spontaneous action. In the new world the cause was to find that field in which to display its energy and unfold in normal proportions. Hence the best expression of Mr. Wesley's mind and plans is found, not in the Methodism of England, but in that of America.

Methodism was introduced into America as early as 1766. For a number of years, however, the societies being feeble and the country sparsely settled by people of moderate means, no attempts were made to introduce the plan of education devised by Mr. Wesley and established in England. But the matter was not forgotten. Least of all were the Methodist leaders of that day, as has been charged by their enemies, inimical to education. For the time, this important interest was held in abeyance by reason of other pressing engagements and the general indifference of our people; but that the preachers were alive to the importance of securing to our people the advantages of education, is evident to the student of the period. They circulated our literature. So far from favoring ignorance, they made every effort to insure intelligent piety by the prayerful and consecutive study of the Bible, and the doctrines of the Gospel as enunciated by our great leader. The pulpit became a lecture rostrum for theological instruction as well as a centre of spiritual power. To educate and elevate the masses was kept steadily in view in all those early efforts.

Meantime the work was greatly hindered by the breaking out of the Revolution. Society was everywhere disturbed. The men were in the army. The English preachers, by reason of the prejudices of the people, were mostly obliged to leave the country; and the native helpers, under the guidance of Asbury, prosecuted their evangelistic work under many difficulties. That they made no attempts at founding educational institutions, in these troublous times, need not be matter of surprise. The hour was not propitious. Institutions of the older sort could hardly be kept running, for want of students. That the design of the founder was not forgotten, we know, for in 1780, while the war was yet raging, John Dickins, a leading preacher and a man fruitful in expedients to promote the interests of the rising sect, proposed a plan of education for America similar to the one adopted by Mr. Wesley for England. If the times would not admit of its immediate realization, the attempt at least shows the interest of our preachers in the subject.

The close of the war occasioned great changes in the structure and opportunities of American Methodism. The authority of the British government, in State and Church, having ceased, the Methodist societies, which had been considered, in some loose and indefinite sense, members of the Church of England, were left independent. To provide for the exigency thus created, Mr. Wesley determined to depart from his long-cherished policy of retaining his people in the Establishment, and to constitute the American societies an independent church. To this end he drew up a scheme of church government, and commissioned Dr. Thomas Coke, whom he had ordained a superintendent, to present it for the consideration and acceptance of the American Methodists. In the close of 1784 the new superintendent arrived, and laid the proposals before the preachers assembled in the Conference, or convention, in Baltimore. This was the famous "Christmas Conference." After considering the subject for ten days, the Conference, in substance, adopted the proposals, and proceeded to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury were, at the instance of Mr. Wesley, made superintendents. The "Large Minutes," containing a series of admirable rules prepared from time to time by Mr. Wesley for the government of his societies in Europe, were, with a few modifications, adopted as the Discipline of the new church.

The range of studies was broad and generous for the period. The students were to be instructed in English, Latin, Greek, logic, rhetoric, history, geography, natural philosophy and astronomy; to these languages and sciences, when the college will admit of it, the Hebrew, French and German languages. The first object of the founders was "to answer the design of a Christian education by forming the minds of the students to the more useful in view of certain special classes, as orphans and the children of the itinerants, for whom the provision was made. Those at the head were not to be simply instructors, but the guardians of the children committed to their care, some of whom were received at "seven years of age." Pupils of such tender age required teachers to stand, as it were, in the place of the parents. The range of studies was broad and generous for the period. The students were to be instructed in English, Latin, Greek, logic, rhetoric, history, geography, natural philosophy and astronomy; to these languages and sciences, when the college will admit of it, the Hebrew, French and German languages. The first object of the founders was "to answer the design of a Christian education by forming the minds of the students to the more useful in view of certain special classes, as orphans and the children of the itinerants, for whom the provision was made. Those at the head were not to be simply instructors, but the guardians of the children committed to their care, some of whom were received at "seven years of age." Pupils of such tender age required teachers to stand, as it were, in the place of the parents.

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Preachers desiring sample copies of the HERALD to be used in canvassing, can have them, free of expense, by sending a postal to the publisher, indicating the number wanted.

The Christian Register, following the example of the proprietors of the saline springs, thinks it has "bottled up" Saratoga this week, in presenting full reports of leading papers read at the Unitarian Conference.

Dr. E. Cooke, president of Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., leaves his home in Newton Court-day (to-day) for his southern work. His health has greatly improved. It will be necessary for him to avoid any intellectual overwork, but there is every promise of a longer period of valuable service from him for the church.

Dean Burson, who has become so well known by his sharp criticism upon the Greek text accepted by the revisers of the New Version of the New Testament, lately sold in a discourse in the University pulpit, Cambridge, that he found his ancestors in the Garden of Eden, not in the zoological garden.

The Ohio Wesleyan University opened on the 20th inst., with the largest number of students ever gathered in its halls. The large chapel was crowded with students on the first day. More than two hundred and fifty new students have already matriculated this term, besides the large number of those previously in attendance.

Rev. A. S. Townsend writes from Hampden, Me., Sept. 22: "Rev. C. L. Browning, a venerable supernumerary member of the East Maine Conference, passed quietly away at nine o'clock this morning. His sickness was of brief duration, and he died well." A good man has fallen on earth, but ascended to the skies.

Perhaps it was a wholesome thing for some of our young scientific scholars, that are still hearty disciples of Jesus Christ, to hear the open, unqualified, bald denunciation of everything supernatural, at the hand of a full-blown evolutionist, as in the instance of Mr. Underwood before the Evangelical Alliance. They have, as yet, only admired the undeveloped bud; this is the consummate flower.

Amid the din of political contentions, the Unitarians of the land held their annual conference in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Saratoga, under the presidency of Gov. L. No. Very marked discussions occurred. The general educational interests of the denomination and the broader moral topics of the day were considered. The occasion was, evidently, of much denominational satisfaction.

Rev. B. C. Hammond, presiding elder of Cedar Rapids district, Upper Iowa Conference, writes: —

"Rev. G. W. Ballou, transferred in April from the N. E. Southern Conference to our lower, has been serving in Central City, where he has made an excellent record. The people will cheerfully pay him two or three hundred dollars more than they are accustomed to pay if they can retain him another year. He has proved himself to a man of tact, ability and devotion."

One of the best — in that it has been carefully sifted — books of music for the social meeting, is "Beulah Songs" by Rev. W. McDonald and Rev. L. Hartson. It has a good collection of the well-tried and most inspiring of the modern melodies, omitting the simply sensuous and lighter songs which can enjoy but a temporary life. Its hymns are Wesleyan in doctrinal teaching and richly experimental, while a goodly number are the hymns of the ages, which, possibly, former saints on earth still sing in paradise.

We had a short and pleasant call, on his way from the Conference at Hamilton, Ontario, from Dr. Humphrey Pickard, now of Fredericton, N. B. He graduated from Wesleyan University in 1859, and has filled the highest positions in the Methodist Church of Canada. He has been twice steward, president of the Conference, editor of the Provincial Wesleyan, and president of Mt. Alison Wesleyan College at Sackville, N. B. He is now enjoying well-earned rest at his family home.

The Western Advocate says that Rev. Thomas Harrison has gone to Minneapolis to open a series of revival services. In reference to the stories circulated to his disappearance about the sale of a cottage at Loveland camp-ground, he had given him, the Western says: "From first to last, Mr. Harrison has acted in a manly and Christian manner in the whole affair. He leaves our city loved by the church and followed by the prayers of all lovers of Christ."

After all, our modern liberal Orthodox teachers offer but a very small foundation for an impudent sinner's hope in the life to come. The influence of their statements is far broader than their premises admit. They offer hope except to those who have not had a "fair chance" in the present life, and it is only a "hope" after all, without one direct and positive assurance from Scripture. Besides, it is only a hope of another probation, which may be ineffectual in winning the impudent soul to salvation as this. The bed is too short and the covering too thin for an immortal soul to trust its eternal interests upon it.

It was a happy and characteristic thought of Dr. McCabe to send Dr. Butler to India. It is only a proper testimonial to a faithful and able servant of the church, and an invaluable service to the India mission. But Mrs. Butler must also accompany him, and the sum mentioned in the article on our first page will be far from adequate. The churches where the Doctor has been the honored pastor, and many friends who are able to aid in New England and other parts of the country, will be happy to make up a sufficient sum to send the Doctor and Mrs. Butler for their own benefit and to bear Christian benevolences to the brethren of Asia.

The Mormons seem to grow more and more rebellious as they apprehend more clearly the effect of the late Congressional legislation. A Presbyterian clergyman, returning to Salt Lake City writes to the Herald and Presbyter of his visit to Sunday to the Mormon Tabernacle. He thought probably twelve thousand persons might have been present. The audience was addressed by President John Taylor and one of the elders. They boldly declared their own inspiration and the divine authority for polygamy. They affirmed "that they had nothing to yield, no compromise to make; that they would go on in their course, and that all the powers of earth and hell could not prevent it. The eyes of the elder glistered with rage when he hurled defiance at the United States government."

Rev. Bro. Harrison, the evangelist, was in Cincinnati on Sunday, Sept. 17, when those who had been received on probation through his revival services in St. Paul's Church were admitted into full fellowship. These services were very interesting, and the gathered results of the revival were particularly grateful. Two hundred and fifty-two had been received into the classes, in this church; others had been connected with different charges. Of the St. Paul's probationers, twenty-five had removed by letter, five were continued on trial, ten only had been discontinued, and two hundred and twelve

came to the altar, were addressed by the pastor and Bro. Harrison, answered clearly the disciplinary questions, and then received the right hand of church fellowship. This is a blessed result. Bro. Harrison conducted services during the day in the presence of large audiences.

It is rarely that the Democratic party of the State enjoys so harmonious and short an annual non-binding convention as it did in Boston last week. Its work was all "cut" (certainly not "dried") before its session. Its head and leader for the coming year, Gen. Benjamin Butler, was chosen by acclamation, and the remainder of the public offices were supplied with candidates in a short period. Its platform embraced almost everything that has been discussed in later times, not excepting female suffrage; but it was abhorrent to "sumptuary laws," which is a euphemism for prohibitory statutes. With the presence of many excellent men, into this modicum of Adulam will doubtless be gathered all opposed to stringent temperance legislation. There will be pecuniary interests enough at stake, in addition to the chosen leader, to make the campaign a lively one, and to challenge all the endeavors of the party now in power to preserve its ascendancy.

Mr. W. S. Allens, Room 16, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

George, G. Haven, E. O. Haven, Wightman, Soule, Revs. George Pickering, Jesse Lee, George Roberts, Orange Scott, T. Merritt, G. F. Cox, J. N. Maffit, E. Kirby, J. Webb, Samuel Jayne, Chester Field, D. Wise, J. E. Risley, the king of the Hawaiian Islands, President Thomas Jefferson, Hon. R. H. Davis, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Mrs. Lucretia A. Garfield. Quite a number of parchments of deceased ministers, local preachers' certificates and exhorters' licenses, and a quantity of love-feast tickets, have been received. We are seeking a very large and general collection of these relics.

Friends having letters of deceased

ministers or their wives, or of promi-

nent citizens, and ordination papers or

licenses of deceased ministers, will con-

fer a great favor upon the Society.

Mr. W. S. Allens, Room 16, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

GEO. WHITAKER, Rec. Sec.

### The Churches.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.

At the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, Revs.

Crowthers of the Ontario Conference,

Teasely of the Halifax Conference, and

Cooper, pastor of St. Paul's A. M. E.

Church, Cambridge, were introduced to

the meeting. A collection was taken for

Rev. Bro. Andersen, who has been trans-

ferred by the Bishop to the Northwest-

ern Annual Conference.

Dr. Cooke, president of Claflin Uni-

versity, S. C., was introduced, and spoke of

our work among the colored people in

that section. Dr. Sherman spoke on the

question of the day — "The comparative

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## The Family.

THE OUTCAST.

BY KATE M. SIMMONS.

Who is this man, that he should walk  
With slow and heavy tread?  
Has he no home, no place on earth,  
To lay his weary head?  
Has he been hard, or fortune frowned,  
Or has he not one friend  
To share with him his weight of grief,  
Who can his cause defend?

Put him in bondage, did you say,  
Or drive him from the place?  
What do you see in written lines  
All o'er that poor man's face?

"Sorrow and want, or sin and crime,  
Or murder, it may be;"  
Take care; these cruel words of thine  
May yet return to thee.

An honest heart may beat below  
That worn and tattered vest;  
And home still may find a place  
Within that weary breast;  
No home has he, no hope or love  
Is left to cheer his way;  
But lonely, sad and desolate,  
He lives from day to day.

Once home and friends and wealth had he,  
Ambition's heights he trod;  
Love beamed on him from lips and eyes  
Now deep beneath the sod.  
God took his friends, and wealth took  
flight,

And hope lies in the dust,  
Her trailing banners stained and torn,  
And dim with time and rust.

Unheded are ambition's calls;  
He treads his way alone;  
Troubles and sorrows multiplied  
His stricken heart has known.

Fee not to give ungrudgingly,  
Thou hast so much to share;  
For even for the sparrow small  
Our Father has a care.

O may it be thy happy lot,  
That this is said to thee:  
"The good ye did unto this soul,  
Ye did it unto Me."

## ALBUM PICTURES.

BY ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

MR. EDITOR: Under the trees of the romantic little island in the most beautiful of lakes, in the shadow of the august monument to J. J. Rousseau, by the clear blue-green water where the large, happy swan and little ducks are taking their morning bath, exchanging salutations as they sail past and around each other—is not this the place to remember the paternal benediction you sent me, just before we sailed from New York, last June?

Of all the choice and precious and beautiful things we have seen in Ireland, in Scotland, in England, in France, nothing seems so choice and precious and beautiful as the friendship of the good—the blessed kindness of large and true hearts. And so when nearly all your tourist friends are home again, I send you greeting on our journey, which looks now but little more than begun.

Opening memory's album, I find a few pictures I wish to cut out and send you. I hope I will not tear the leaves so as to mar their correctness.

The first picture is Rev. Stopford Brooke, in his own church, in London. See him there, the large, flowing man, with his great head framed with abundant hair, which, in the light of the illuminated window with the one subject-design, the Christ, looks like a haloed head more than human, hardly less than angelic. He is reading the morning service, with a choir of young men and boys to his left. Now and then he turns his face and glances off to the audience, especially down by the entrance where are the strangers. His ambition, if any he has, must have been very well satisfied to-day. His voice is not one of an enemy. It is the voice of a friend, who represents a friend. We hear and follow him. When the sermon-time comes, he ascends the very high pulpit with a step which reveals a pleasurable consciousness of his work, and after a short, fervent prayer, announces his theme (I made no notes, and after the interval of eight weeks of travel, I must not claim the least justness): "The days of our years are three-score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." He desires to show what constitutes a really long life, not in years, but in true success and consequent happiness. Every one aims to be happy, but the imagined means to that end are strangely various. He then presents to his hearers a succession of natural illustrations of what different persons presume constitutes happiness.

Suddenly and forcibly changing his order of address, he announces his own idea of what makes happiness, and in the true sense a long, full life. He strikes in, evoking his system of right exemplar, for he says: "Be loving; love your enemies, love those who treat you despicably, love largely," and he gives some minor illustrations of the power of thus doing and feeling. "Be poor in spirit; meek with the true spirit of self-forgetfulness. Be merciful, especially in our judgments of others, from which will naturally flow a spirit of Christian forgiveness. Be pure in heart, that we may see God in all His works and ways among the children of men—see Him and rejoice in the freedom of innocent happiness." He said no word of Seneca or his secret of a happy life; but that Stopford Brooke is an intimate friend of this philosopher, as well as of some other enlightened and spiritual heathen writers, I have not the least doubt. I think these human teachers have come between him and the Saviour of sinners so much as to somewhat obscure the clear and powerful recognition of the Divinity manifest in the flesh. He does not lead me

to see the Lord and apprehend His holy Presence as sometimes do His living, lowly disciples, though I confess his teachings, at the end of enjoying God in all His works, finding happiness in everything, even that which promises the least to the casual observer, were of the finest quality. He stirred our heart deeply to aspiration for the appreciation of common things and ordinary experience. This, indeed, is a profitable instruction, and one which yields blossom and fruit on the same tree.

ANOTHER PICTURE is Rev. Dr. Parker, author of "Ecclesi Deus" and other books. In his own Temple Church, we hear him preach one of his celebrated Thursday discourses, beginning at midday. Not only was I desirous of hearing him because I had read his most widely-known book, years ago, but for the reason that Rev. Dr. Deems had said to us, "Do not fail to hear my friend, Dr. Parker, when you are in London, and see him, also, as my friends."

The audience was not large, but evidently selected. While the preliminary singing was being led by the precentor, I had an opportunity to study the church, which is recorded as being a copy of the Holy Sepulchre.

Dr. Parker gives the impression of a superior man, in many respects. His large head, bold features, keen eyes, crowning a figure elastic with will and English health, and, more than all, his strong, deep, sweet voice, with love, hate, music, score in his tones—all emphasize the first flash of opinion. His theme is Peter's miracle at the Gate Beautiful. "The age of miracles is not past," he says with strong repetition; "it has but just begun." I looked then for valuable and interesting citations of proofs of this somewhat paradoxical proposition, but he suddenly leaped down from his strong position, by adding: "The miracle must begin within you!" "Every man," he said, "however great in any department of work, is conscious that he has not arrived at his own standard. He has done nothing as well as he feels capable of doing." Then the fugitives, though exulted, and they vowed amid their joy That the habe, for that day's merit, Should the ducal crown inherit Just as if she were a boy.

When at last the child so tender, Who had been the land's defender, Was a peerless woman grown—

Not a flounced and sighing charmer, But an Amazon in armor,

She was duchess on the throne.

—From "Swabian Stories," by THEODORE TILTON.

Canon Farrar has now ascended the desk to preach his sermon to these men. I expect it must be called a good discourse, though there is much more said about the glory of patriotism and the required resolution for resisting adversaries, than the kingdom which is not of this world. Examples of brave men, who have yielded up their lives in battle are noted with great eloquence. The question, "What think ye of Christ?" is not seen home to individual hearts. Nothing is said about the reign of the Prince of Peace. There are no tears in the eyes of preacher or hearers. It is a strong, brave sermon, but without light, save what is reflected from an eye of ambition, like the cold and proud Mont Blanc. There is in it no heat from the Sun. We are chilled and exalted, but not warmed and fed. Turn the leaf quickly, lest our hearts ache too much.

Here, now, is

ANOTHER PICTURE, so bright, so highly-colored, we instinctively shade our eyes a little from the gorgeous hues in the melting sun rays. It is the Salvation Army in their place of Sunday service, the theatre on Oxford Street, London. There is music, as when Israel brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord, with sound of the cornet, with trumpets and cymbals, making noise with psalteries and harps; I may say rather with drums and castanets.

The soldiers in their bits of uniform file in and take their seats. Men and women are here who have seen service in other life than the spiritual. A strange, most interesting, remarkable array of character! Many of the women's faces are a study worth while.

Some of them have been drawn up from the lowest slums of London and elsewhere, and are now sitting clothed, in their right mind. The new glad light of a recent discovery of good tidings is in their eyes. There are youthful faces—young girls here in the throng, who are marvelously interesting to me. Off there, under the shadow of the gallery, is one whom I cannot gaze enough. She has such a bright, keen, strong, fresh look, as though born and bred under the open sky, without a chain of convention more than the young chamois which leaps from rock to rock on the mountain heights. She has the deep tones of color and litheness of figure to a degree which reveals high health and overflowing spirits.

Will she remain steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, as at present? The Lord helps for vain dependence on the arm of flesh! He alone is sufficient for this.

After the service, which is much like a Methodist prayer-meeting, I have speech with one of these women, a person of about thirty years of age, who tells me she is from Scotland and became a Christian when quite a child.

The natural electricity of her spirit appears in her large, strong eyes and quick, sweet voice. I like her. There is a fresh, keen pleasure in hearing her replies to my questions, so unlike the conventional phrases of society. "I am not educated," she says, "I have not studied into these things, but I feel what you say. I see it. I know it."

She gave me a brief history of some of their work, and revealed her own purposes of life in the zest and consecrated fervor of a disciple of Loyola. She experienced an earnest desire that we should come that afternoon and hear Mrs. Booth who was to speak. This we did, putting aside a previous appointment to hear Theodora in Saint Paul's.

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**Zion's Herald**  
FOR THE YEAR 1883.  
Fifteen Months  
FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

The paper will be sent the remainder of the year free to all new subscribers.

Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and Jan. 1.

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Lists will be sent immediately to all the preachers.

If any names have been omitted, please inform, and they will be forwarded at once.

Will each reader of the paper inform his neighbor, who may not be a subscriber, of our offer?

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

The paper contains an average of forty-five columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cts. per number.

Each issue contains articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper. All letters on business should be directed to

**A. S. WEED, Publisher,**  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

**THE WEEK.**

**DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.**

Tuesday, September 19.

The trustees of the East River bridge have been charged with corruption, and an investigation has been demanded.

The wife of Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette, has become insane and been sent to the Morristown (Pa.) insane asylum.

President Arthur arrived in Washington last night and will hold a cabinet meeting to-day.

The transfer clerk of the Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia, has lost \$25,000 of the institution's funds in mining speculations.

Serious floods have occurred in Lombardy, Venetia and the Tyrol; Verona and the city of Trent are inundated.

Major Phipps, the defaulting superintendent of the Philadelphia almshouse, has been arrested at Hamilton, Canada. He will resist extradition.

The garrison at Aboukir, numbering between 5,000 and 6,000 men, were disbanded at Kafrel-Dwar yesterday. The officers were taken.

**MAINE.**

The permanent residents of Old Orchard have made a subscription of over twelve hundred dollars toward building a chapel on the camp-ground.

An eligible site on the corner of Union and Central Avenues has been donated by the Camp-meeting Association, and immediate steps are to be taken for the erection of the building.

At the annual meeting of the Old Orchard Camp-meeting Association the financial report showed that the mortgages on the property had all been cancelled, leaving a floating debt of less than one thousand dollars against the association.

The committee was ordered to repair and improve the auditorium and preachers' stand, and put them in order for next season's meetings.

Ex-Mayor Ludden, one of the leading citizens of Lewiston, and a prominent lawyer in the State, died this week. Mr. Ludden was an active temperance man and a devoted Christian. His death will be a great loss to our community.

A good religious interest prevails in the Methodist Church at Brunswick. Several have recently given their hearts to Christ. At Saccarappa, also, there are indications of revival. At Pine St. and Vaughn St., Portland, several have recently risen for prayers. Ten persons, last Sunday evening, at Vaughn St., sought the Saviour.

Rev. L. Lord spent last Sabbath at Farmington, and preached in the M. E. church. Bro. C. W. Morse was present and took part in the services. There is something delightful in seeing these veterans, in the autumn of their lives, alive in the interests of the church, and happy in their superannuated relation.

Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant spent last Sabbath with Rev. A. Cook on Chebeague Island, delivering two addresses on the Sabbath at the church, and one Monday evening at the North End school-house. Quite a number signed the pledge on Monday evening. Tuesday evening he gave an address at Congress St., Portland.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

**Gleanings.** — We are glad to learn that the wife of Rev. E. C. Bass, of Lawrence, is somewhat improved in health.

We understand that the pulpit of Baker Memorial Church, Concord, was vacated by Rev. C. Parkhurst, as is yet without a regular supply. Different persons are preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath.

It is stated in print that Rev. S. Holman, of Concord, has taken the position of financial agent of the seminary at Tilton. He has aptitude for the work, and we trust he will be successful in increasing the funds of the institution.

**Monday, September 25.** — Engineer Melville and his companions, of the Arctic steamer Jeannette, had a public reception in Washington on Saturday night.

Thirty soldiers were drowned near Eszék, Austria-Hungary, on Saturday.

The surplus funds in the United States Treasury amount to \$137,000,000.

The Exhibition building at Sydney, New South Wales, with all its contents, has been destroyed by fire, the property loss aggregating \$2,500,000.

A train was telescoped on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad in the Fourth Avenue tunnel at the Eighty-sixth-street station, New York, yesterday, by which two persons were killed and between eighteen and twenty injured.

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The new year with the Seminary opens very auspiciously. About one

General Wolsey and Admiral Seymour are to be raised to the peerage, for their services in Egypt.

Turkey has ordered the immediate surrender to Greeks of the whole frontier fixed by the international commission.

The Grand Shereef of Mecca has been deposed and imprisoned on account of holding treasonable relations with Arabi Pacha.

The steamer "Edam" founded in the Atlantic on the 21st instant after colliding with the steamer "Levant" from Hull to New York. All on board the "Edam" except two were saved.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a call for the redemption of bonds of the five per cent. funded loan of 1881, continued at 3 1/2 per cent., from August 12, 1881. The call is for \$25,000,000, and the principal and interest will be paid at the Treasury on the 23d of December next.

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The storm of Friday and Saturday in New Jersey and Pennsylvania was very severe. Bridges were swept away, and railway tracks submerged. At Trenton, Princeton, Bound Brook and other places much damage was inflicted, and the aggregate amount of property destroyed will probably reach \$1,000,000. Several lives are also reported lost.

**RHODE ISLAND.**

A very encouraging work of grace is in progress at Hope, and on the evening of Sept. 10 two persons presented themselves for prayers.

Union temperature meetings are held in Westerly, in which a very active part is taken by both clergy and laity. Rev. J. B. Hamilton is one of the most zealous and efficient workers in the cause. Such efforts ought to be made in every town and village and city of the State.

The new church at Hebronville presents a very fine appearance, and is rapidly approaching completion. Under the energetic labors of Rev. E. Tirrell, it is expected that it will be ready for dedication before many weeks.

The annual general meeting of the Old Baptist Church has just closed its session in Situate. The meetings were well attended and were quite interesting. This denomination has existed more than a century in this part of the State, and was formerly about the only one that maintained a good degree of spiritual life. But at the present time the spiritual welfare of the people is looked out for by several denominations provoking one another to good works and great results.

Much interest has been shown of late on the Sunday question in Newport. Sunday evening concerts have been held at the Casino throughout the season, to the great annoyance of the Christian citizens and to the moral harm of the community. Therefore a petition was drawn up and circulated, requesting the discontinuance of these concerts on the Sabbath, and signed by all the clergymen of this city except Rev. Mr. Wendell of the Channing Memorial Church. On a recent Sabbath morning, in the presence of a congregation completely filling the church, Rev. Mr. Wendell defended his course and gave his views of the observance of the Sabbath. It is sufficient to say that it will require a very protracted and vigorous effort to bring Puritan Newport to the adoption of this view.

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The garrison at Aboukir, numbering between 5,000 and 6,000 men, were disbanded at Kafrel-Dwar yesterday. The officers were taken.

Wednesday, September 20. — The government has obtained new and important evidence in the Star-Route cases.

General Butler received the nomination for governor of this State, at the Democratic State Convention held in this city yesterday.

A good observation of the newest comet, or that close to the sun, was obtained at Cambridge yesterday.

A terrific storm prevailed at Newburgh, Canada, yesterday afternoon, doing much damage to buildings, trees and fences.

The Czar of Russia left St. Petersburg for Moscow last night, and it is supposed his coronation will soon take place.

Wednesday, September 21. — Hon. R. R. Bishop received the Republican nomination for governor of this State, at the convention held in Worcester yesterday.

Secretary Folger was nominated for governor of New York, yesterday, and Gen. W. H. Bulkeley for governor of Connecticut.

The Russian imperial court has been established in the Kremlin at Moscow, and the Czar and Czarina arrived there from St. Petersburg yesterday.

Damanhour has been occupied by the British troops. The commander at Fort Ghemlih has been summoned to surrender.

Dr. Newman Smyth was yesterday installed as the successor of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, at New Haven.

Friday, September 22. — The garrison at Fort Ghemlih has surrendered to the British forces.

Sixty new cases of yellow fever were reported at Pensacola yesterday; two deaths occurred.

Several towns in the Tyrol have been destroyed by the recent floods, and twenty-six bodies have been found in the flooded districts.

Major Haines' plan for the improvement of the Potowmack has received the approval of the Secretary of War. The estimated cost is \$2,716,500.

Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived in Lisbon, Portugal.

The last of the Irish "suspects" were released from Kilmainham jail yesterday.

Saturday, September 23. — Damietta has been occupied by the British forces.

Arabi Pacha and his accomplices are to be tried by court-martial.

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hundred and forty students are in attendance — a larger number than in any fall term for a number of years. Excellent work in instruction is being done, students are pleased, and the prospects of the institution were never so good as now.

The Methodist parsonage at Lempster has recently been painted on the outside and had blinds put on it. The interior is also in excellent condition, and it is altogether a very comfortable and attractive preachers' home. Rev. J. L. Harrison is laboring here with earnestness and success, and is in the midst of his third year.

Methodism at Hampton is steadily gaining, under the earnest labors of Rev. J. C. Spaulding. The removal and improvement of the church building was a grand work, and the expense has been fully met. No little work on the church has been done by Mr. Spaulding with his own hands, who is an excellent mechanic as well as preacher. The venerable Rev. E. Scott, living here, is ever the pastor's true friend and coadjutor.

II.

It will be seen by an advertisement of the Eastern Railroad in another column, that a very attractive excursion has been arranged to the White Mountains, leaving Lynn and points further east October 3, tickets being good for return on any train until October 9. Reduced rates have been secured at the hotels, and also for those who desire to extend their trip to the Profile House. We suspect our excellent Brother Wilcomb of Ipswich, has been instrumental in arranging for this excursion, as he is to accompany the excursionists, and will see that everything that can be done will be done for their comfort and pleasure.

Among the many noticeable features of our civilization, compared with the older countries, that which most quickly attracts the attention of strangers is the neat and tasteful manner in which, with the exception of the houses of our New England towns and villages, are painted. While, of course, this is owing to that sense of economy and beauty native to our people, not a little is due to those who have spared neither labor nor expense in stimulating and satisfying that taste.

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